

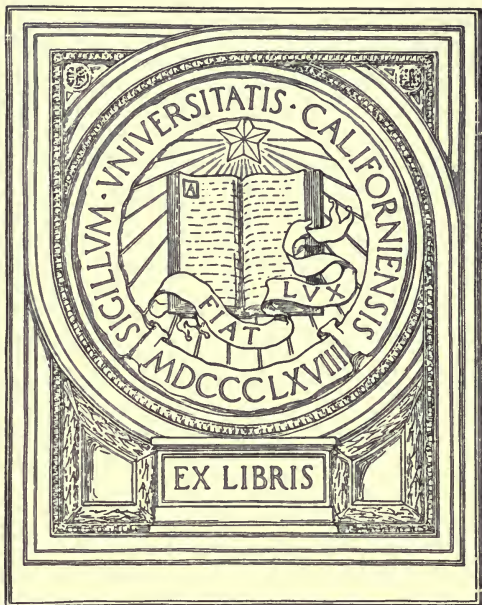
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CROKERIANA:

OR,

“Familiar Epistles.”

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OF

REPUBLISHED AND DEDICATED

TO

TRINITY COLLEGE.

Dublin.

1818.

PROKESHIANA

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DEDICATION

To Trinity College,

DUBLIN.

THE following pages are dedicated to you, because they relate to the efforts, the acts, and the defeat, of a body of men who have shown themselves no ordinary practitioners in the arts of political intrigue. They will be a warning to every succeeding Adventurer not to disturb the repose of youth, or invade the seat of science, however greatly he may be tempted by the selfish offers of those persons who should have been the most anxious to preserve their sanctuary inviolate.

The public mistook your character ; they conceived that you were a grave-a reverend body of men, retired from the busy scenes and cares of the world, and occupied solely with the instruction and education of youth. You have undeceived them ;—by your own hands the mask has been re-

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moved, and you appear in your natural colours, with all the marks of monkish deformity;—interested bigotted, servile and venal. Your court embraces, have outrun even your immoderate matrimonial desires,* and are only to be equalled by the unexampled duplicity with which you have treated your representative. Men are at a loss whether to feel more disgusted at you for having abandoned Mr. Plunket, or for having sent for Mr. Croker, and on your behalf they feel a degree of shame to which you alone appear to be insensible.

Had your plan succeeded, the University would have been taught arts as depraved as could be inculcated by any corrupt ministerial magistrate, or by any interested set of Jesuitical professors. Your object was to return to Parliament a Court Candidate; you have been disappointed; you have begun but you have not accomplished your disgrace: you have, however, done much mischief, for you have sown the seeds of interested speculation in the bosom of your University.

The principles of liberty which you should implant and cultivate, you have banished from your Seminary. The youthful talent of the country has been placed under restraints and privations that neither tend to liberalise or to improve: narrow and illiberal principles have been propa-

* Several of the Fellows addressed their representative to procure the removal of a College Statute that prevents them from marrying; and some have declared they would vote for which ever of the two candidates was most likely to accomplish this great national object.

gated with care, and are fast gaining ground under the fostering protection of a pernicious assiduity; the favour of the great is the object sought for, and spirit and virtue are the sacrifice.

Forgetting the circumstances in which your University is placed, inasmuch as the sons of the nobility and of the principal gentry of Ireland, are sent to receive their education in England,—you proceed to encrease this disadvantage, and as if it were to add to the estimation in which you stand, you adopt such internal regulations, you display such political principles, and volunteer such electioneering artifice, as every honest man and every honourable mind must be ashamed of.—These proceedings will lower you, they will lower the character of your University, they will impair its spirit, and they will destroy its independence.

It is unnecessary to say which of you seek for promotion; in your Chancellor you will find a patron; perhaps the transaction of 1807 is now forgotten, or if its virtue is not forgiven by his generosity, it may at least be atoned for by*

* The Vice Chancellor attempted to procure a petition from the University against the claim of the Roman Catholics, the attempt, much to the credit of that body, was resisted and failed,—in the debate on the 9th of April, 1807, Mr. Plunket observed “when his (the “Duke of C * m *** l ** d.) first letter was not attended to, he wrote a second, and he was sorry to say that in that letter the Royal Duke had conveyed an insinuation too plain to be misunderstood, “that the only way for the University to recommend itself to his favour “was to present such a petition as he required.”

your compliance. The trade of Anti-Catholicism will cover a multitude of political offences, it is still lucrative and tempting, and some one among you may hope to be raised to the Reverend bench for having trampled upon the rights of his countrymen.

Proceed then! and adorn Society with those principles and those precepts in which you have attempted to initiate the University; your fame will descend to posterity, for the evil which you have done will outlive your memory; no man however will write your epitaph, for no language could afford words strong enough to paint the rankness of your character; or the treachery of your conduct.

Your actions need not the aid of comment, they speak for themselves, and will furnish posterity with a sad spectacle of abandoned virtue and prostituted ambition,—it is however to be hoped that the lesson will be of utility to mankind; that they will view your conduct with honest indignation, and though they cannot efface the shame they will avoid the example.

CROKERIANA,

&c. &c.

LETTER I.

TO THE PROVOST AND FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

GENTLEMEN,—Your conduct is singular; I wish it were only novel and not censurable; you return to Parliament as representative of your University, a man every way qualified for that honourable and important duty; high in his profession at the Bar; high in his station in the Senate; able as a lawyer; cautious and sagacious as a politician; his principles those of regulated liberty; his mind that of a scholar; his manners and his education that of a gentleman.

Thus qualified, you depute him to Parliament at the precise moment that a financial question, highly interesting to you, highly interesting to Ireland, and of great moment to the Empire at large, is brought forward amid the solitude of Irish members, who

talked, complained, promised and did nothing; he left his professional occupations and attended his duty in Parliament, at no inconsiderable personal loss and inconvenience. This you will admit was the part of a faithful representative, and a disinterested character. On general grounds therefore, he claimed your *adherence* and support; on private grounds he claimed them also.

Some of you had applied for the repeal of a certain statute; you complained of a restriction by which you were prevented from marrying, and had recourse to your representative to procure, through his intercession with certain persons, high in station on the other side of the water, the desired relief. Here you had no reason to be dissatisfied, all that could be done, he did; every exertion or application that could be useful, you well know was made in your behalf, by your representative. Here then were obligations of a private nature, here were duties performed to the state; here too were services rendered to the individual members of the University.

Such has been the conduct of Mr. Plunket; what has been yours? Scarcely had he departed from his own country, scarcely had he, in your service, left the scene of his professional labours, and the spot where he was in the daily and friendly habit of meeting his constituents, when you assemble, cabal, and conspire; you, or some of you, canvass against your own representative; you search around for a candidate, and seek for any candidate, (*except one*),* to undermine the foundation on which you

* Mr. Leslie Foster.

had placed your representative, and on which he had so unwarily and honourably thought himself securely seated; at length you find, BY CHANCE, *the Secretary of the Admiralty*, and put him in nomination.

I ask, what apology can you offer for such a proceeding? Have you been *betrayed*? Has Mr. Plunket gone over (*against your consent*) to the enemy's camp, and has he entered the sultry regions of Court favour and preferment? Or has he sold himself for a low popularity, to the wild and impotent extravagance of democracy? Come forward in your own defence. If you dare not stand forth, as his accusers, appear at least in your own justification, and assign some rational motive for such a secret spirit of unaccountable treachery. Review the parliamentary conduct of Mr. Plunket, and enquire if he has acted in a manner injurious to his country, disgraceful to his constituents, or disreputable to his own character. Perhaps you will say he could not procure you *wives*! but can you say that he ever sold a political question affecting either you, your University, or your country? or that he ever gave a vote through corrupt or dishonest motives? What! has his speech on the Union escaped your memory, as well as forfeited your gratitude! or perhaps you will say that you have had recourse to Mr. Croker as a more *auspicious* character, and that you omen from *his services in the case of the Duke of York*, a more active and effectual assistance in furthering the project so near and dear to the hearts of the young athletic members of the University. Is it not a shame

to hear it said, that grave, discreet, and composed members of *Alma Mater*, should allege, as a serious ground of complaint against Mr. Plunket, that he did not sufficiently press, on their behalf, this favourite and *abstemious* scheme of matrimonial connexion. Even suppose this *modest* and blushing pretence to have any solid foundation, will any rational man in the community say that it formed a good or sufficient ground for abandoning their old representative, and setting up a competitor? Or will any man be so base and abandoned as to assert that it could, by any possibility, justify the unprecedented manner adopted on this occasion—that silent, *sworn* and secret cabal, or even the cold-blooded, cold-hearted, spirit that led to this subterranean plot, laid in the absence of their representative, and levelled at his peace and his character.

What terms of reproach? What feelings of indignation too strong to express our disgust at such unworthy, underhand *Jesuitical* proceeding? You pride yourself on being the first of Corporations, and you act little inferior to the lowest. You are gentlemen and men of honour, and yet you suffer yourselves to be seduced, deceived, or entrapped into such a line of conduct against an honest individual, your own representative, which if any person from among your body had experienced in private life, he would and must have resented and punished in the most exemplary manner.

I look for some other excuse to shelter you from the general, undivided sentence of condemnation, with which, in every circle and society, your con-

duct is so unsparingly branded, and with difficulty I at length form to mind the semblance of an apology; I find it in a charge brought against Mr. Plunket, that he sent one of his sons to an English University. Admit this to be an offence against you of a most insulting nature, the objection comes too late; you should have rejected him on this ground before; the *offence* had been committed when you had chosen him your representative. With what grace or truth, then, can any man come forward now and allege as a charge against Mr. Plunket, that which not only was not made at the period of the election, but which, though well known then, was not only passed over in silence, but pardoned, openly and generally. Can any pretence be more barefaced or more disgraceful.

What was the fact? Mr. Plunket, with the natural feelings of a father, did not think it proper that two of his sons should enter together the same class. In order, therefore, to prevent two brothers from commencing their career in rivalry, and proceeding to jealousy, he did, when unconnected with the Dublin College, send one of his sons to an English University. The feeling was good—the motive was laudable, however, great and unpardonable you may affect now to consider the transgression.

But, Sirs, this is not the way I shall answer *you*, or defend *him*. In another and a damning manner shall I extinguish this miserable, thread-bare pretence; this false apology for a set of guilty and now ashamed conspirators. What, Sirs, do you forget your own history? and has weakness rendered your

memory treacherous like your conduct? I appeal to the rising indignation of every man's recollection, to taunt you with the reproach you deserve! Can Ireland forget that you turned Mr. Grattan from your walls, and flung his portrait with contumely from your hall? Do you forget that you turned Mr. Locke out of your course, and ceased to instruct the rising generation in his admirable treatise on Civil Government? *You, Mr. Provost, do you forget this?* or do you offer this great flagrant measure, as an atonement for *your own former expressions?* Do you forget that you shut up the Historical Society, and put down that inestimable institution, prohibiting in the very seat of science, lectures, readings, and debates, oratory, history and composition? Do you forget that you have allowed Orange Societies to rear their hideous heads, and instil the poison of their principles, extending their noxious shade round the spot where Locke was not allowed to rank even as their competitor?

Some of you must remember, that this Orange society intrigued, caballed, and rejected from your Historical Society the son of that man whose picture you thought a disgrace to the walls of your unprejudiced academy. That this faction was only beaten down by the superior sense and temper of a worthy band of men, who did honour to your University, and would have done honour to any. A Roberts, a North, and a Buxton, stood against this Orange principle, and succeeded. They thought that this charitable civility might in some measure redeem the character of the College, and that the retribution paid

to the son might be some atonement for the insult offered to the father. I pass over the difficulties, the objections, the cavils, the threats and opposition thrown in the way of every liberal and popular question that was proposed for discussion, in your Historical Society, and I arrive at once to this conclusion, that if you proceed as you have begun, you may indeed wonder that your College should have so many members, but you cannot wonder that those members should have so little principle; and you must not be greatly surprised, if the sons of our nobility and gentry are sent to another country, to receive those lessons of liberality and of freedom that are denied to them in their own.

Gentlemen, I shall take my leave, and shall only add, that if Mr. Plunket should be deprived of his seat as your Representative, he will return to an honourable exile, unsullied, and I trust unruffled by your unworthy treatment. The gain you have in prospect—the *pleasures* that you may dream of, I know not. *Your* loss, I fear, will not be inconsiderable; *his* consolation will be, that he goes into banishment with a Grattan and a Locke. You appear however, to leave your work incomplete, and but imperfectly to discharge this novel line of conduct, for if you banish Mr. Locke, and reject Mr. Plunket, you should not only elect Mr. Croker, but restore Sir Robert Filmer.

LETTER II.

GENTLEMEN—In the former letter which I wrote upon this subject, I had the honour to address the

heads of your University—the Provost and Fellows, but, as a number of Scholars are on the eve of being declared, I take the liberty principally to address them, as I am confident that from among you will be found a regenerating spirit; that will not merely revive the decaying principle, but purify the unsound part of the Collegiate body. Young minds generally incline to honest principle, to open, fair, and disinterested proceedings; for though the nature of youth is not averse to novelty, yet it spurns to make a change, at once sudden, secret, unaccountable, and suspicious; still less a change, brought about at the expense of reputation. You will readily agree with me, that the canvass against Mr. Plunket, and the attempt, during his absence, to *jostle* him out of his seat for your University, deserve all these epithets. In no way had he offended; his political sentiments were not objected to; he was neither the servile courtier, nor the fiery demagogue; he spoke and voted as an independent man, not bound to party, but led by principle. Yet he was attacked unawares, and at a moment in which he could not appear either to defend himself, or to counteract a plot so artful and insidious.

Anxious, therefore, as you must be for the fame of your University, the only one that exists in this country, and no doubt regretting that so many of our gentry, *and all our nobility*, are invariably educated in England, (whether they conceive your seminary defective, or its principles inferior) it should be your duty, as I hope it is your inclination, not to add to, but on the contrary, to remove the ob-

jections and disadvantage under which your University now labours; and show those persons guilty of a double error who leave their own country and desert a national institution! But, how is this to be effected?—not by such measures as I have detailed in my first letter—not by narrow, bigotted, and illiberal restrictions—not by regulations, severe and repulsive, not by waging war against the works of great writers, or the pictures of great statesmen—not by destroying all freedom of thought and speech; still less by such a use (or rather such an *abuse*) of that proud privilege, the Elective Franchise, as is now attempted to be made.

Your University elect an independent member at one moment, and in the next they attempt to undermine him, and for that purpose, have recourse to a *Government Secretary*—the proceeding is dishonest—the mode is disingenuous—the colouring is suspicious; tergiversation such as this, will make men regret that you enjoy the privilege of Elective Franchise, and it will become a question, whether for the peace and purity of the University, it were not better that the right should be withdrawn.

If the Heads of the College without any appearance of Justice, or any assignable cause, have acted in a manner that tends to lower the University in the eyes of every honest and honourable mind, it is for *you* to rescue it from disgrace—*you* may not be able to reform their errors, but *you* can frustrate and avoid them; and though you cannot make the conduct of your University, appear consistent, *you* may make it by the event appear at least to be upright;—there-

fore it is that I appeal to *you gentlemen scholars* of the University; it is your duty to come forward and to remedy by the soundness of your youth, the decayed principles of age, to correct the weaker part of advanced years and more matured but *illaudable Dexterity*; you must efface the injury done to your University, its name, its consistency, and its character,—done by the Heads of the College, who have laid a plot against their representative in his absence, in order to deprive him of his seat in Parliament which by no act had he forfeited, which by no act had he sullied, and which all parties both in and out of the two Houses of Parliament considered him to be preeminently qualified to fill.

I recal to your mind great examples upon which to reflect, and from which to derive experience.—I appeal to the memory of those spirited proceedings that did honour to the University, and to *your body* in particular, and invoke on your behalf their kindred feeling to inspirit you, and save from the disgrace that awaits it the character of your College. I refer you to the period of April, 1782, of April 1795, and the period of the Union. In the first, your University addressed Mr. Burgh and Mr. Fitzgibbon, then your representatives. Mr. Burgh, a great man, and a great name; his virtues were pure patriotism, splendid as the services he rendered his country. These members were called on to support a Declaration of Right—a Repeal of Poyning's law, the Independency of the Judges, and a Repeal of the Perpetual Mutiny bill. Mr. Burgh acceded instantly, and *in toto*; Mr. Fitzgibbon dissented

from the two first, but promised to support the two last, even in the outset of his career, betraying the tendency of a mind, enslaved by habit as by situation, selecting the minor propositions, that must have been useless if the greater had been withheld ; but Mr. Fitzgibbon had office in view, and sought to raise himself. Mr. Burgh had sacrificed the hope of office (such are the penalties of patriotism) and sought only to *raise* his country. He did so ; he beheld her *Free* ; and he died the happiest of deaths, crowned with the laurels that adorned his country, having witnessed her glory, but not lived to behold her disgrace.

Gentlemen, Mr. Burgh was not a placeman—Mr. Burgh was not a courtier—his *habits* were not those of a Regent's palace—he wore no *Regent's Livery*, and probably when he answered the University address in 1782, he was clad in plain *Irish stuff*—not in the soft silken garments of a Royal Household, nor of a Naval Officer—Mr. Burgh never was a Courtier—he never was a *Secretary*.

Turn to Mr. Fitzgibbon—you see that he dissented from the two main propositions that your University pressed him to support ; do you not know his history ? shortly after 1782 he became Attorney General, then Lord Chancellor—turned Court termagant—abused the people—abused his country—trampled upon her rights—trod the people down by dragoons—flogged their backs with lashes—sold his country, and died, despised and detested, *though repentant*.* Gentlemen, who obtained our free Con-

* The history and death of this wretched man may hereafter appear in history, and will afford an awful lesson to posterity.

stitution, and who sold it? Gentlemen, look upon your walls ! you will not behold there Hussey Burgh; but little John Fitzgibbon, tricked out in all his frippery, and standing as saucy and *as proud as if he trod upon his Country* and your College.

Perhaps at some future day we may find some other *court representative* will equally insinuate himself into the good graces of your University, become immortalized by the sale of his country, honored with a *niche* in your walls, thus cannonized for his national and distinguished services.—Here then, I say, you have an example for admiration and for censure; here you behold an honest representative, unplaced and unpensioned, serving you and your country,—you see also the other representative seeking for place and pension, accepting both, and selling you—your constitution and your country.

Gentlemen, beware of such a representative; look on Mr. Plunket, he wears no livery, his coat is not lined with Regent's *trimming*, he has no P. R. stamping *fallacy* on his buttons, no initials representing the PROMISSA REGIA that are kept to the "ear and broken to the hope;"* neither has he *naval supporters*, nor does he canvas with latent promises, but he stands upon his character, his services and his merits—Gentlemen beware of a Court Secretary !

I call your attention to the second period, April,

* Mr. Croker arrived post haste in Ireland, appeared immediately in College, wore the Prince Regent's Uniform, G. P. R. on his buttons—had two naval officers in his suite, and took up his residence in an apartment in the College prepared for the occasion!! would Oxford or Cambridge endure this!!

1795. The students of the University presented Mr. Grattan with an address, approving of his political conduct, approving of his measures, and requesting him to persevere in his exertions for their attainment. They lamented (that national calamity) the departure of Lord Fitzwilliam. Do you remember Mr. Grattan's answer? He said he was bound to your University by every tie of affection and duty. Gentlemen, were those feelings reciprocal? He said he received your address as the offering of the young year—*a better garland than the artificial honors of a Court*. Gentlemen, how quickly did that garland wither! How quickly did the artificial honors of a Court sully its freshness and usurp its place!—*ducitur unico spectandus—nunquam si mihi credis amavi hunc hominem!* Was this “the work of disinterested hands and uncontaminated hearts?”—“Look on *that picture* and on *this*,”—you are not now proud of that act! Yet, what do you do? You are going to pursue a similar measure; you are called on to proceed in the old *abandoned* track; you are going to desert a faithful friend and to put in his place a *novus homo*; you are recurring to past ingratitude, and are about to adopt a measure of which you must be ashamed, and will repent—to remove an honest man, your representative, and to substitute another in his place; of whom all that the public know is, that he uniformly votes with Government; and all that the College know is, that he holds an office under Government; and all that every man believes, is, that he will *make as many promises as possible, and keep as few*.

What man is there who will not retort upon you the words of that answer in 95, and say that *you* have thrown away the garland with which your representative adorned you, and in its place have chosen "*the artificial honours of a Court?*" who will call this "*the work of disinterested hands and uncontaminated hearts?*" who will say this proceeding results from "*principle enlightened by letters and supported by spirit?*" Do you not perceive the shame that must inevitably attend such questionable transition, and that your motives must appear suspicious, because they are unjust and unaccountable.

Here then I maintain that you have a *warning* example found in your very Hall, in the seat of your University...which example, instead of proposing to follow, you should determine to avoid, and should blush to *realize* the very practice, and act *to the life* the same part which twenty years ago was performed in *effigy*.

What popular inconsistency ever would appear so great? and how strange would it not seem that men who exclude from their studies those very books on the rights of the people, should so closely follow the practice of the populace, should make their fickleness the only example to follow, their rights the only instruction to avoid, adopting in practice the extreme of the rules they condemn in theory, and affording to the world an instance of whimsical inconstancy, greater than ever wild Rome or mad Athens displayed in the most rapid moments of treacherous insincerity.

LETTER III.

GENTLEMEN.—In my last Letter, I submitted to your consideration those two periods of the political history of your University, which did it honour, and upon which you ought to reflect with pride, and to which you should refer, in order to derive a useful lesson, which should direct you on the present important occasion. I now arrive at the third period; that momentous period! that fatal period!—the Union! You remember, Doctor Browne was then your representative; he voted for the Union, and, it is believed, that it killed him, (certainly it ought;) but you cannot forget what were his promises—what the address of your University to him, and what the pledge obtained from him. Yet what was his conduct? He first promised to oppose the measure, and he afterwards supported it. Will you then trust to *promises*? Will you, after such a fatal example, so far deceive yourselves, or suffer yourselves to be deceived by the smooth, *glossy* words of any man, whether representative or candidate; even though that candidate should be a naval Secretary? Will you prefer his words to another man's good acts? Or will you not rather reflect upon what Doctor Browne promised, pledged and violated, and then, if you can, trust to what Mr. Croker may say, promise and violate, just as Doctor Browne *did*, and just as Mr. Plunket *has not done*. Is it possible that a grave and sober set of men, can *take up this P. R. Gentleman*—this *promissa regia Secretary*, and weigh him and his airy promises and his delusive hopes, in the scale

against Mr. Plunket and his *solid services*; remove from the representation of their University, that man who has acted well, who has done honour to the assembly in which he sits, and to the place which he represents, in order to bring in another gentleman, of whom little is known, of whom *you* know nothing, and of whom *you* seem to care nothing about, further than that he is a Secretary.

Consider then these three periods alluded to, and see if the result of every one of them should not warn you against following the proposed measure, and put you on your guard against the certain danger and disgrace that must attend its adoption. You were deceived in the opinion you formed of the character of the man you addressed in 1782; you desired him to support a Free Constitution—you found that he sold it; you conceived that he was virtuous—you found him to be vicious and corrupt. You were deceived in your opinion of the man whom in 98 you *condemned unheard*; you imagined he would betray his country; you found he stood up for her freedom at the hazard of his life. You were deceived in that man who voted against his country in 1800; you expected fidelity; you found treachery. Having been so often deceived already, can you for a moment, hesitate in your choice, and *deceive yourselves* on the character, conduct, or principles of that man who has *not deceived you*; or has experience lost all her weight and thrown away upon you her salutary influence, and her wholesome lessons, teaching you to distrust the man who has been faithful, and to place your confidence in the *man of promises*?

Gentlemen, you have heard what injury was in past

times done to your University, by the busy spirit of a meddling electioneering Provost. Pranceriana records the vain attempts to correct and restrain this hereditary disease: Mr. Hutchinson had been a practising barrister, a trading debater, and a canvassing political Provost: to these accomplishments he added the science of duelling—but these qualities were poor compared to those of Doctor Elrington; doubtless he made war upon individuals; he might, perchance, have shot Mr. Doyle or Mr. Tisdall, but he honoured the dead, and did not level his weapons against Mr. Locke; he did not attack such sacred characters, or strike at the root of liberality, virtue, or spirit; he was not the patron of narrow principles, or exclusive regulations; his object was not to suppress freedom of thought, and put down all spirit of independence in the University over which he presided; Mr. Hutchinson was not a bigot. There was one act of his that might be drawn into a precedent, and therefore I mention it:—a Mr. Kelher was candidate for a native's place—his narrow circumstances, his morals, his diligence, and his deserts were admitted; the Senior Fellows considered him entitled to the pension, but he was set aside by the arbitrary interposition of the Provosts's negative—*Mr. Kelher had refused to vote for the Provost's son.*

You best can tell whether there is any danger, that on the approaching election, if any scholar should vote against the Provost's candidate, he will be likely to feel the effects of a resentful temper, and become the honest victim of a rancorous disposition. It is, however, to be hoped, that principle and spirit will

bear up against the lowerings of an arbitrary mind : for in such a cause they will be sure to triumph. But in order to remove all such apprehension, and to shew you how little is to be feared from a character so prone to tergiversation ; a character that *has* already changed, that *is now* changing, and may change once more, I furnish you with the following traits, from whence it will clearly appear, that by opposing the principles of the Provost at *present*, you are probably supporting what may be his principles *hereafter*.

I therefore present you with a more modern picture, and having submitted to your view two characters so accomplished in such dishonest arts, I offer a third, to rival the two preceding. A man, not remarkable for great acquirements, for depth of thought, brilliancy of talent, strength of intellect, or any enlightened views of education, or of policy, *declares himself Anti-Catholic*, writes a pamphlet on the subject of tithes, is noticed by the Castle, then patronized, and is finally created Provost. Suppose him a man of sense, here he should have stopped—here should have been his journey's end, for here was "his but—the very sea-mark of his utmost sail." Yet this adventuring character, having become Provost, meddles, quarrels, alters and intrigues. He cashier's Mr. Locke ; destroys your school of oratory ; attempts to close your library ; undermines Mr Plunket ; sets up Mr. Croker, and develops his character—illiberal, intemperate and arbitrary.

No doubt, he says that he does not canvass for Mr. Croker ; but will he say, *he never wrote on Mr. Croker's behalf, or in Mr. Croker's favour ?* He

says, no doubt that a Provost should stand neuter; I wish it were so. He says he has not acted. I ask, is not his son a Fellow, and has he never spoken, consulted, suggested, and advised with that son, on the present canvass? He may apologise with some piece of sophistry, and forge a plausible excuse, but he cannot deny, that a man who suffers a measure to be undertaken for him, is in a moral point of view, as much implicated as the ostensible actor. The representative of his own University will tell him the legal adage, *qui facit per alium facit per se.*" Such, I am sure you must know, to be the case, and such, Gentlemen, every impartial person conceives it to be; and in proof thereof, I appeal to any man, whether it be a usual or a decorous proceeding, that the *name of the Provost should appear placed at the head of the list* of either candidate, computed, counted, and cast up as a steady and certain vote——Propriety should, in this instance, have restrained his busy anxiety, or, at least, if he was determined to give more than a casting voice, and to depart from the impartial character of returning officer, he should not have permitted his name to be handed about in the electioneering lists with all the foreboding and terror of his vindictive authority.

I am averse to inculcate distrust, and would never write or recommend factious sentiments, least of all, to the young men of any University. Constituted authorities must exist in every society and in every establishment; without them we are nothing; with them we act in concert—usefully, effectually—

often nobly. But as there are limits that may be transgressed on the one hand, so there are bounds that must be upheld on the other. Obedience and confidence are reciprocal terms; what opinion then can you entertain of that individual, who, in a manner most injurious to the peace of the University, and in violation of the pure and upright principles that should form their education and actuate their conduct, transgresses these bounds, and appears, if not the open and ostensible actor, undoubtedly the silent and secret partizan; recognised so by all, and scribbled down in the list a *double-voiced* as well as a double-faced character.

This is his conduct at present. What was his conduct formerly? When Junior Fellow, he was, in the order of College duties, allotted to lecture upon Locke on Government, one of his own pupils neglected to attend; he applied to him—he desired that he would attend his lectures; he told him the work was of essential moment—THAT THERE MIGHT BE AT NO DISTANT PERIOD A REVOLUTION IN THIS COUNTRY AND THAT LOCKE UPON GOVERNMENT OUGHT TO BE STUDIED AND MIGHT BE NECESSARY!! This person is now your Provost, and this person has turned Locke out of your course!!—Proh Jupiter!

I ask you as men of sense, of feeling, and of honour, what is your opinion of such conduct? I ask, can you look up to such a man? Can you trust such a man? Can you esteem such a man? Nay, can you even respect such a man? He reproves his pupil for neglecting to attend the lectures upon Locke

on Government;—a work useful, (according to his own words) for the purpose or in the time of Revolution. He inflames, (when Junior Fellow) the mind of his youthful pupil, instigating, when he should restrain, and reproving, when he should be lenient: *become Provost*, he abandons his former sentiments, casts off his former doctrines, expels this very work from College, and turns a rank apostate to his professions and his principles.

Gentlemen, it is for you to appreciate such a man as he deserves, and to pour upon him the full tide of your honest indignation. I shall say no more! I spare him in my clemency; the victim is led to the proper altar; let him be immolated to your resentment; my vengeance has greater bounds than his apostacy.

You have heard how he acted when Junior Fellow—you know how he acts as Provost—another trait will complete the charactor. It happened, that about the period of those ever to be lamented disturbances, that prostrated this unfortunate country, blasted her fair fame, and destroyed all her achievements, that a certain English Nobleman, *****, came over to this country with his regiment (the story is extant, and the Provost can tell you in what part of England or Wales you may find the authority;) it so happened, that this Noble Lord visited your University; the present Provost was the gentleman usher on the occasion, and showed his Lordship the *Lions* of the place. They went into the examination hall—and a Lion (it was true) stood there—one whose breast was as dauntless as his

honour was spotless, and whom neither the poisonous tongues nor the *ominous* threats of his deadly antagonists could subdue or terrify !—In the mind of the Senior Fellow he was indeed a roaring lion, and one that deserved not merely to be removed but probably *incaged* ; he pointed towards the mute being, and said to the English Nobleman, “*that is Mr. Grattan’s picture, and WE ONLY WAIT till his name is erased from the Privy Council to take him down,*”—*verso pollice—quemlibet occidunt.*

I pray you Gentlemen, mark those words “*we only wait*”---(a toast is nothing without a sentiment)---mark well those words, “WE ONLY WAIT”---and then ask yourselves what you should think of that man who could harbour such degrading servility, and display such a *time-serving* spirit of detestable baseness ? How abandoned his mind and egregious his folly, thus unguardedly to betray his prostitution to a perfect stranger. Fully equal was this feeling of regard for his character, and that of the University, to the spirit that dictated the expulsion of Locke, the suppression of the Society, the closing the Library, the undermining Mr. Plunket, and perching upon Mr. Croker.

Against such a man put yourself on your guard ; he is your Provost, and you must obey him, but obey him only *through the laws* ;---do not listen to his instructions, do not trust him as a friend---you can never admire, esteem, or respect him. Think on the black passages of his life ;---Junior Fellow, Senior Fellow, and Provost---in the first a * * * * *, in the second a slave, and in the third, a tyrant. Do

not become his instruments and indulge his desperate propensities, by returning to parliament his *favourite Court candidate*, and thus give him a chance of adding the desired insignia to all his former qualities, under the decorous mask of a mitre---no--he is sufficiently elevated to stand the object of all that is hateful and contemptible. His gown may cover him; it cannot disguise him. *Let then the poison of his principles stagnate in the gloomy walls, whose colour and quality are kindred to his nature, and if you cannot protect your youth, save, at least, the Reverend Bench from contamination.* Consult your own honor, consult your dignity; defend the character of your University, redeem your own, and reject the Provost's principles and his candidate.

LETTER IV.

To the Fellows and Scholars of Trinity College.

I have already stated why in my opinion you should *adhere* to your present representative and steadily resist his removal—the reasons that prompt to this arise not merely from a regard to your own character and to that of your University, but from a *disregard* that is due to the mode of proceeding already mentioned, which is unprecedented, ungenerous and unbecoming—Without a shadow of pretence you have secretly undermined Mr. Plunket, you have sent to *another country* for a *new Representative*, who now disclaims having *made any advances to you*—who turns out to be a Secretary, who is a Government voter, and

* It has been thought advisable to omit the passage in the original that is filled up here by asterisks.

whose *mission* therefore, we are at liberty to believe has been sanctioned by the Minister or the *Duke of Cumberland*. The cunning temper that has marked this secret, but hasty proceeding, has led you into the most imprudent courses, and has urged you to persevere most indecorously in a measure at once disreputable and injurious. One object appears to be not only to put down all public principle, but every sense of private honour, and gentleman-like feeling, and to introduce into the University degrading and novel *speculations*. There are some paramount reasons why you should *adhere* to your present representative, and these arise from circumstances of a peculiar nature.

Mr. Plunket's abilities, like his services, are of no ordinary quality:—a powerful understanding,—a deep reflecting mind,—prudent foresight, and a shrewd intelligence;—his arguments are condensed reason, and his ideas, *like rock water*, flow clear and strong, eloquent, impressive, and convincing:—In council he would be sage—in action decisive, and never imprudent, except in a case of despair, where imprudence might be safety;—he is more than a *politician*, he is a *statesman*, fitted to be the leader of a party; he would never bring them into danger, or hazard their character by quarrelsome questions of opposition;—he learns quicker than any man,—the range of his reading, like the expanse of his mind, is varied and extended, he has studied the Constitution of his country as well as her Laws, and is a friend to Limited Monarchy *upon principle*; he values it inasmuch as it seated the House of Hanover on the

throne, and confirmed the liberties of these Realms, upholding the rights of the people, and the prerogative of the crown. With respect to Ireland, he knows the secret springs of her action, and understands *what ought to be the rule of her government*; impressed with a due sense of the imprudence of the people, and the errors of the various administrations, he keeps aloof from both, and fixes the limits that should be transgressed by neither; a safe constitutional character, and an Irishman not only by birth but *in feeling*.

In England, he upheld his Irish name,—he did more,—he added fresh lustre to the Irish character,—not the factious speaker, or envenomed partizan, in *regimented* hostility, but the dignified honest representative from an injured country, impressed with a deep sense of her wrongs, which he felt could be corrected only by *temperate management*, and should never be hazarded by *passion*;—this calm debater, this prudent orator, when he transplanted his native genius, did not transfer his national attachment, but carried into another country the brilliancy that adorned the one, and the unshaken and tempered fidelity that characterised the other. In Ireland his exertions were worthy of the great cause in which they were employed, he stood among her boldest, and her firmest friends at the dying moments of her independance;—he might have sold his country!—he did not!—he might have sold himself!—he did not!—he might have obtained title and preferment, he did not!—he spurned *all that was not virtue*, and to the last, remained *incorruptible*!—Mr. Grattan, “*sat by*

her cradle, and followed her hearse;" Mr. Plunket performed the last sad honours to an expiring Commonwealth!—

*Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt
nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.*

His Speech in 1807, on the dismissal of the Whig administration produced such a sensation in the House of Commons, as to draw from Mr. Whitbread, the most convincing proof of its excellence; turning to Lord Henry Petty, when Mr. Plunket had concluded, he exclaimed "*let us divide now.*" On a subsequent occasion, when Mr. Plunket had ceased to be a Member of the House, Mr. Whitbread alluding to that speech said, that he considered Mr. Plunket's absence from Parliament a great national loss. His speech on Mr. Grattan's motion on the Roman Catholic petition, in 1813, still lives in the recollection of the people of England, though it may have *escaped* the approbation of the Dublin University; the praise bestowed on that occasion, by Mr. Whitbread, was no inconsiderable recommendation,—“it reminds us of the “best times, when Fox and Burke, Windham and “Sheridan adorned and delighted this House;” “his “eloquence” said Mr. Wilberforce, “recalls to the “recollection of the older members of this house, the “*brighter period of its genius.*” His speech on the 22nd of April, 1814, on the conduct of the late Speaker, at the close of the session, was admired as a just, a bold, and a constitutional reprimand.—His speech on the 25th of May, 1815, on the subject of the war with France, ought not to have been forgotten *even* by the members of the Dublin University; on that subject, it is probable, their sentiments

were not uncongenial. The support he gave to Sir John Newport, on his motion, for an enquiry into the fees of Courts of Justice deserves, at least, the approbation of the Provost and Fellows, as from the case of Mr. Flood's will, they possibly have learnt how necessary it is to modify the exorbitant fees of our Courts of Justice. Can they have forgotten Mr. Plunket's exertions on their behalf? Has Dr. Elrington sat to no purpose with eager eye and attentive ear, listening with laudable cupidity to Mr. Plunket's arguments in support of a will that left the College near 4000*l.* per annum?—Have they not heard of the celebrated case of the King v. O'Grady, in which Mr. Plunket delivered that admirable speech, so replete with legal ingenuity, deep research, and constitutional argument,—a speech so much admired by Sir Arthur Piggot, and Sir Samuel Romilly, those great legal luminaries, and declared by some of the ablest members of the English Bar, to have been a display of knowledge, and ability, superior to what any lawyer in England was capable of making.

Mr. Plunket has done what most men are not generally in the habit of doing; he sacrificed his *place to his principles*; he was Attorney General in 1807, he thought the government were in the wrong; he spoke against them, and voted against them; he surrendered his office, but he preserved his principles; he defended the conduct of the University, and gave to its Royal Chancellor, *in his own presence*, a just and spirited reprimand for his attempts to influence and prejudice the corporation over which he presided.

Gentlemen, the tongue of an admirer speaks too frequently the language of flattery; *he honies* his words that he may conceal some design, or carry some object, but in the cause of a man, who has shone conspicuous in the service of his country, our hearts should beat high with gratitude, and our voice should resound with praise; at those eventful periods of a nation's history, when she comes into life or declines from freedom—at the moment of her rise or her fall—of her glory or her disgrace—when the noble efforts of eloquent independence, or the bold struggles of resisting virtue, render themselves so preeminently apparent, we should but ill discharge our duty if we did not pay them that tribute of honourable applause, which they have so deservedly earned. The cold requital of public services is a mistaken policy; it never has and never will form public characters: if we abandon public honesty, we offer a premium to public vice, and hang out a trading flag to every political adventurer. It is not the characteristic of a great nation! It is not the characteristic of a generous people! It is rather a fatal symptom of national decay, and a sure prognostic of a decline from virtue.

Mr. Plunket's exertions in England you have seen, I shall remind you of those in Ireland;—in 1798, he signed the resolutions to hold a meeting of the Irish Bar, in order to oppose the Union; he spoke strongly, spiritedly, and decidedly at that meeting, against the measure that visited this country with political extinction, that *generous reward* of Irish spirit and Irish valour! that *grateful return* to a

loyal people for a *preserved connexion*) On the 22d of January, 1799, he opposed the measure on the motion for an address; on the 28th he again opposed it; on the 25th of May, he spoke against it on the question regarding the refusal of the Escheatorship of Munster to colonel Cole; on the 25th he again opposed it on a motion of adjournment; on the 18th of January, 1800, he once more opposed it on the address. Gentlemen, read the speech of the 22nd of January 99, you will find there talents, boldness and virtue pouring forth the noble effusions of a free mind, in defending the last struggles of an expiring constitution; read the speech of the 18th of January 1800; you will behold honest principle, national feeling, constitutional spirit, and a nerve and talent that were worthy of the cause; read those two speeches again and again, teach them to your children, and preserve their recollection to the latest posterity, *they are worth all Dr. Elrington's Euclid*; their principles are sound, constitutional and national, they would have raised your country, they would have raised you; they would have raised your University, and you might then, without regret, have turned from the closed doors of your historical society, to learn in another quarter lessons of Eloquence, and rules of Civil Government from that assembly, to which, one day perhaps, you might have been an ornament, and from whence you might have directed the affairs of the nation.

Need I recall to mind the glowing language in which he protested against that measure. "This atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland,

this *ungenerous* ! this odious measure ! For my part, I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty, and in the hour of my death, I shall not be haunted by the reflexion of having *basely sold*, or meanly abandoned, the liberties of my native land ! I will resist this measure to the last gasp of my existence, and with the *last drop of my blood*; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children *to the altar* and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom."

Gentlemen,—These are words worthy to be kept in remembrance, had all men felt like him, Ireland *would still be a nation ! not a bankrupt province depending for her existence upon the charity of Great Britain !* Gentlemen, I ask you at what *altar* are you *sworn* ? is it at the altar of independence, *fidelity*, and *virtue* ? is it not at an altar placed within the fane and *temple of the Court*, within the alluring precincts, and under the softening atmosphere of *Royal Influence* ; behold the shrine at which you make this unworthy sacrifice ! it is adorned with gay hopes and tempting offers, and all the fascinating patronage of place, office, and commission ; the feathered Mercury, with his appropriate symbols, his *purse*, his twisted emblem of *reward and punishment* ; Ceres with her well stored *cornu copia*, and Venus with her loosely-vested damsels, ready for her young *fellows*, who burn with *March* impatience to break the bonds of celibacy ? such are the pillars that support the Admiralty, such are the laurels that adorn them ! the destined rewards,

for those who labour disinterestedly in the harvest of laudable and virtuous ambition.

I have heard of ingratitude; and College critics have, in their private lectures, indulged in satires against the catholics and their conduct to Mr. Grattan; the catholics have not been done justice to, had they acted in the manner described, they would now stand acquitted, and acquitted by those who are not *the least ready* to condemn. The catholics proceeded openly; they met, resolved, and addressed most undisguisedly; some of them differed in opinion from Mr. Grattan, and transferred their petition from their old friend to a new advocate, but they did not act as you have done, they did not plot, they did not undermine, they did not betray; ill treated and long deceived by many parties, their wearied minds scarce knew upon what shore to cast either the anchor of confidence or of hope; but *you*—*you* befriended, honored, raised and flattered, by the strenuous and virtuous exertions of your chosen representative, turn against him without a cause, and basely cast him off at the very moment of his highest integrity and estimation. The catholics may have been *more than imprudent*,—you have been *less than honest*, for you have smiled in the face of that man whom you intended to wound to the heart; let it not then be said, that the catholics have acted as basely as you have done, for they have been only ungrateful, while you have been *treacherous*, or rather say, that there is no body of men in Ireland, so ungenerous, so ungrateful, and so treacherous as yourselves.

It is not, however, too late to redeem your charac-

ter; you have still time to correct the evil, and in some degree to efface the shame of your present conduct, and if possible, relieve yourselves from that opprobrium with which you are loaded by every honourable man in the community. Do not turn aside from those *public memento's* that have been held up to your view; though they cannot excite a feeling of gratitude, they may, perhaps, kindle the blush of shame, and extort from your repentance the reward that is due to virtue.

You have sacrificed the noblest feelings of the human heart; do not complete your disgrace, by casting into the loaded balance the corrupted remains of a treacherous understanding; you have *lost all character for honor*, preserve at least *some sense of feeling*, and though you are deaf to the *voice of gratitude*, be not insensible to the claims of talent.

LETTER V.

To the Gentlemen of Trinity College.

Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur —.

GENTLEMEN,

The subjoined came to me last night marked "*Sailor's Letter*," I understand it has been favourably received by the Board of Admiralty.

Yours, &c.

AMICUS.

SIR,

I recommend to you a young man of letters; he has studied the *Adventurer*, the *Rambler*, and the *Paysan Parvenu*, he is well meaning and good natured in disposition, *unassuming* in manner—classical in mind, and *upright* in principle—he is a *candidate* for honest fame, and wishes ill to no man—he was of old an admirer and friend of a very industrious harmless set of Ladies and Gentlemen, who procured an honourable livelihood by acting at Crow-Street Theatre—he never intended them any harm, for his object was not to *undermine them*, but to get on the *boards*, if not at Crow-Street, perhaps at St. Stephens!—the Admiralty—C**lt*n H*u*e!—Downpatrick—Athlone—Dublin University, or elsewhere, so that he never was their competitor—and though once considered as such, he bears them no spleen, and is now (as then) quite devoid of ill-natured wit—pert dull humour, and “uncommon impudence”—he does not wish to pass for what *he is not* and could never be taken for—and as he is desirous that the public should judge whether he deserves encouragement, he submits to their consideration certain extracts from an *obsolete* work of his which he proposes to republish, under the title of *Annus Mirabilis*; or *Hibernia Rediviva*; it was the *best natured* of his productions, and affords a fair specimen of his talents;—though humble, he is not a *poor unbefriended* author; there are many *honest* and good *fellows* fully sensible that he merits encouragement,—and though “he cannot *command success*, he will endeavour to deserve it.”

The prospectus is this—Six Familiar Epistles in 110 small octavo pages, with lines to hang Notes upon—appropriate motto's—extracts from Greek and Latin school books that are not forgotten, (tho' the quoter has just *re-entered College*)—apt quotations from Italian authors that were studied during Travels on the Continent after Circuit;—they have been carefully and literally read through, *understood perfectly*, and could be translated with ease;—the frontispiece does not contain his picture, but the following line affords a striking likeness:—" *Venerer ne immodicam hanc epistolam putares*"—the Finale will be equally modest and more characteristic—it will apologize for "six heavy stages" thanks for patience in bearing my "*roughness, my mistakes and my wanderings*," for "*Beggar that I am, I poor even in thanks*," "*I have no reward to offer (or to take) if I can avoid it;*" the concluding word will be modest and classical "*PLAUDITE.*" *

Such, Gentlemen, is the precious volume on which the author builds his hope of rising to eminence, perhaps to office—and whether in his *profession* or out of it, it matters little; as his object is to *faire la chose*; *rem ! quocunque modo REM !*—may I entreat of you to use your good offices in his behalf with the Members of the Dublin University—Provost, Fellows, and Scholars. I request, in this instance, their support. As literary characters, and patrons of men of letters, they rank high; and they would not be so illiberal as to reject the author on account of the patrons he looks up to, and the examples he follows,

* See the Familiar Epistles.

Mr. C*nn**g, Mr. V*n**tt**t, Mr. H*sk*ss*n,
 these gentlemen are all patrons of *paper currency*
 they have spoken and written on the subject—some
 in the Antijacobin, others in Reviews, the Courier,
 and various daily papers, so it cannot surprise any
 man that he should be fond of *fools cap* and the
 muses—he always hated Cobbett and his “*Paper*
against Gold”—and can justly exclaim,

Blest paper *credit*! last and blest supply,
 That lends ——— lighter wings to fly.

——— he seeks to rise by *honest fame*,
 for like Brutus, he may say,

——— I can raise no money by vile means.

By Heaven! I had rather *coin my heart*,
 And drop *my blood for Drachmas* than to wring
 From the *hard hands of peasants* * *their vile trash*
 By any *indirection*. ———

When Nich. V*n*s*tt*rt grows so covetous
 To *lock such rascal counters* from *his friends*,
 Be ready, Gods! with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces. ———

In short, Gentlemen, in page 58 of his Familiar
 Epistles you will find these words with few altera-
 tions.

Your humble Servt.

J. W. C.

But who is this all cap and gown?

G. P. R. coat from London town,

Grin and grimace, and shrugs and capers,

And *affectation, spleen, and vapours*.

* The Dey of Algiers does not answer this description.

Oh ! Mr. W*l**n Cr*k*e, (1) your humble,
 Prithee give o'er to mouth and mumble ;
Stand straight, (2) speak plain, (3) and let us hear
 What was intended for the ear ; (4)
 For faith, without the timely aid
 Of *Bills*, (5) no parts you've ever played,

(1) Mr. W*l**n C**k*r has a kind of merit which, *perhaps*, he overrates, but which a little study (as he has just *re-entered* College) may improve to more than *respectability*; he is lively, often amusing, *sometimes intelligible, seldom rational, on a stage nearly barren of merit*, it is natural he should be *fêlé*,—*unoculus inter cæcos* is a very considerable person. He is almost the “*acteur gâté*” that Gil Blas describes, “*à qui le parterre pardonne tout, on lui marquoit trop le plaisir que l'on prenoit à le voir, aussi en abusoit il, si l'on eut sifflé: au lieu de crier miracle, on lui auroit, rendu justice,*” Let me, however, do justice to his DIDDLE; the character is luckily as *extravagant as the actor*, and both are wonderfully *outrés* and *entertaining*.—See Familiar Epistles.

(2) This is clearly a mistake, Mr. C**k*r holds his head as high as any S**r*t**y can or ought; it was a mischievous libel on his person to say that he introduced the fashionable *Dandy Stoop*,—it is well known that the S**r*t**y is as upright in body as in mind.

(3) It is not true that Mr. C**k*r speaks with an Irish apish brogue.

(4) It is not true that Mr. C**k*r does not convey his meaning in clear, intelligible, and easy language, or that Mrs Mary Ann Clarke, in 1809, understood him to mean *Parson* for *person*, or conceived he intended to examine her about a Clergyman, instead of a noun substantive—neither did the Honourable House of Commons join in the laugh at Mrs. Clarke's misconception, nor did the S**r*t**y lose his temper on the occasion,—or did he (to Mr. Wh*tb**d's great amusement) insist on the correctness of the pronunciation—he makes it a rule *never to persevere in error*, besides, Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke was no judge of language, *words were thrown away* upon her, she is a *bad woman*—See Sheridan's Dictionary for the word.

(5) These *Bills* cannot be intended to mean *Navy Bills* or *Bank*

(6) *Handy*, Shuffleton or *Rover*,
Sharper, *Stroller*, (7) *Lounger*, *Lover*,
 Could I, amidst your *mad-cap pother*,
 Ever distinguish from each other.

* * * * *

What though with all the sprightly arts
 Of *Hair-brained* (8) *mirth* you deck your parts?

of *England Bills*, payable to *Mr. Henry Hase*, still less to bills for a Secretary's salary or *establishment*, or *tax bills* for the hurry, flurry, labour and bustle of the Secretary pending the Algier expedition.—See Lord Milton's speech and *false calculations* on this subject, 1816.

(6) It is not true that a window is still shown *as a curiosity* opposite Mrs. Mary Ann Clark's house, on the King's Road near Cado-gan Place, which occasioned the S**r*t**y of the Admiralty to be called *Peeping Will of OSNABURGH*. Peeping Tom of COVENTRY would even have been better, and at least as becoming.

(7) The *Parson* here alluded to strolled towards Downpatrick at the period of an Election, and was *shuffled* into the Representation. From *Counsel* he became Candidate by means of the *Returning Officer*—an honest man by *trade*, and a *bricklayer* by profession. On the trial of the Petition in the Committee of the House of Commons, he did not succeed so much by the assistance of the then Speaker, (now Lord Colchester) as by the clear undoubted merits of the case, and by the Member's peculiar qualifications, as the Brick-layer had instructed him in the *plastic arts of the trade*.—What may not a *Returning Officer* do? What may not a *Speaker* do? What may not a *Provost* do?

(8) "Alas poor *Spedding*! *your hour is come*—you have cheated "the Duke and his Mistress—his Royal Highness had *reckoned* on "your money to enable him to support his establishment—you have "deceived him; the *all-powerful* Mrs. Clarke vows vengeance against "you; *you are undone*! Alas poor *Spedding*."—See Mr. C**k*r's speech on the Charges against the Duke of York. This is an instance of the jocose rarely to be met with! There is something that approaches to this found in the *Sublime and Beautiful*.

What though, wherever you appear,
 Laughter (9) with ready voice is near;
 And that your happy nonsense (10) draws
 The doubtful meed of *blind* applause?
 The *judging few*, whose critic praise,
 Is worth whole *galleries* loud huzzas,
 Lament to see your meteor fire
 Of talents, kindle and expire;
 No *steady ray* of light it gives,
 But lives and dies, and dies and lives,
 As chance directs, or *wrong* or right,
 The *Ignis fatuus* of the night.
 The vivid spark that Heaven bestows
 On Genius, not untended glows;
 The breath of *Treasury acclaim*,
 Kindles and upholds the infant flame,

(9) Mr. Croaker, Member for Downpatrick, made a long and amusing speech, which kept the House in repeated roars of laughter at the numerous *Hibernicisms* which characterised his oration.—British Press, June 27, 1807.

It was said, that, on this celebrated occasion, the (not then) S**r*t**y wrote over to his Irish friends an account of his speech, attacking the *Out* and defending the *In* administration. The following passage is strikingly beautiful, chiefly on account of the alliteration; after stating his complete success, it added, "in short, I dandled Grattan in one hand, and Grey in the other."

(10) "The Honourable Member had given to his proposition the name of *Address*, and its nature was *address*, but he hoped the House would not vote in the dark (Gas Lights were not then known), and that this *Tour d'Adresse* would meet the deserved success; for his part, he would say like *Ajax!*!"—See Mr. C**k**r's speech on the Charges against the Duke of York.

Again, "I *advocate*, not to be *advocated* by the Noble Lord."—This was *Howick* whom he had dandled the Session preceding! Un- generous bantling! Unkind advocate!

But unless *sense* her screen supplies,
 It trembles, (11) quivers, starts, and dies
 But fenced by judgment's *golden* bound,
 Pure and serene it beams around,
 Diffusing through the *mental shade*,
 Its steady *brilliancy and aid*.

C*k*r! to your ear my cautious lays
 May seem too niggard of their praise—
Perhaps 'tis true—and shall I own
 They seem *not so* to you *alone*,
 But as I fear, to turn a brain
 Already volatile and *vain*.

As I am anxious to repress
 Youthful *ambitions, wild excess*,
 I'll say—from such a washy *junket*,
 Cr*k*r! you ne'er will make a Pl**k*t!

(11) This clearly applies to the S**r*t**y, as every Member of the House knows how *diffident* Mr. C**k*r is; his *fault is bashfulness*—*ingenuus vultus, ingenui que pudoris*.

(12) "Should they (the House) find his Royal Highness *innocent*, they might *still* present an *Address* (should that be thought necessary) of CONGRATULATIONS and CONDOLENCE!! (a laugh)."---See Report of Mr. C**k*r's (*corrected*) Speech on the Charges against the Duke of York. At Romæ *ruere in servitium* Consules, Patres-Eques, quanto *quis inlustrior*, tanto magis *falsi*. Tacitus, annals.

LETTER VI.

GENTLEMEN,

You deserve public thanks for the *honourable invitation* and the generous *independent support* you have given the *poor poet* who recommended himself to your favor. I apprehend, however, that he must have had recourse to some other influence, and tried some other *charm* than the doggrel rhymes he gave you a specimen of. To do him justice, the *notes* were not his own, though he has had the full benefit of them—they were furnished by another hand, with a view to give you an insight into his *means*, his conduct, and his character, and not to suffer you to be deceived by his *words* or *professions*, which, like those of all other poets in *his situation*, generally abound with fiction.

He seems to have afforded much satisfaction. It is said that you have admitted him a member of your body; his name has been entered on the books; he has been allowed to dine at your table, and to assume the dress of your society;—you may be confident that he will *return* these civilities as soon as he *has the means to do so*, and will invite you to a place—at his table—in his own house—and give you *employment* in that or some other way, whenever the opportunity occurs. His foible is not “*suæ parcus publicæ avarus*,” and rely on it you will be rewarded as you deserve for the *invidious and most ungrateful task imposed upon you* on his behalf.

The sentiments you breathe are well known to

the public—they import charity, and a charity never misplaced—" *Probitas laudetur et alget*,"—this was his case—you found the poet *naked* and at your *gate*—you *took him in* and you clothed him, he was hungry and you fed him—he called upon you in his trouble, and you propose to relieve him *out of his distress*. For this you will deserve the thanks of the nation ; and indeed, if we judge from reports, and newspaper accounts, you have received them already, and probably, should you be enabled to crown in *the manner you wish*, the work you so *honorably and independently* have begun, you will doubtless obtain what, in your opinion, is no inconsiderable honor—the most flattering *marks of Royal favor*. And should the individual you patronise obtain, through your efforts, the place of Poet Laureat, and proceed to C*^t*ⁿ H*^u*^e crowned with the emblems of triumph, and become the herald of your praise, yours will be the honor, and yours the reward;—succeeding in the former, you will not be disappointed in the latter, for as *gratitude* is a virtue you have never failed to exercise and recommend, you may be certain your pupil will not forget the lesson *you have now taught*, but will recompense you in the manner you deserve, and in the true spirit of Divine precept and *your own practice*, evince towards you *that gratitude which you have shown to others*.

The following lines are offered as a further specimen of the happy anticipation of the Crow Street Bard.

The best portrait of Rembrantz was drawn by his own hand.

And lo ! this Secret'ry, whose every feature
 Foretells the talent of the creature,
 Lively and vulgar, low and pert,
 He plays, *au vis*, the courtier-flirt ;
 Or hits, without the least alloy,
 From taste,—the saucy college-boy (1)
 Oh ! could a little sense control
 The flight of his *time-serving* soul—
 Could he be satisfied with all
 The glories of the *Four Court Hall*, (2)
 Nor e'er with daring steps presume
 To figure in St Stephens room—
 Could he but wisely be content
 To play the *pleader out of Parliament* ; (3)
 None would have guessed that he had e'er
 Observed what taste or virtue were ;
 Nor ever known a circle higher
 Than that around the *Grub street fire*.

(1) It is truly ridiculous to see this gentleman, dressed like a young Collegian, in a cap and gown, sauntering about the Courts, living, dining, entertaining and drinking in chambers, as if he was in his Junior Freshman year, or as any idle frequenter of a tipsy college tavern.

(2) This gentleman commenced a career in the study of the law, which being too tedious for an *aspiring mind*, he exchanged it, by chance, at an election in the north for one better suited to an *independent mind*, determined to raise himself without the aid of those *humble but useful assistants*—Servility and cunning,—*cum sint*.

Quales ex humili magna ad fastidia rerum

Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna jocari.

(3) The grand and lofty stile of this Legal, Parliamentary Nautical Character is finely exemplified on every great national question, particularly on all Constitutional subjects, and those that regard the liberty of the *Press* ; to the latter he has an involuntary, an official, and an

'Tis' shame to offer to the view,
 This kind of *Paysan Parvenu*,
 This *Filch* in Navy robes arrayed,
 This *Hack* in Parliamen'try trade,
 And yet ! not all the blame attaches
 To him !—he naturally snatches,
 At tassel'd gowns, and caps of College
 To serve *his purpose* (4) and *their knowledge*
 But why *this travestie* permitted !
 Is it that we've no one better fitted !
 And thus in utter disregard
 Of right and wrong ; our name is marr'd,
A useful member is displaced (5).

ex necessitate attachment—for an instance of the sublime and Beautiful, see in note. " I advocate *not* to be advocated "

(4) This gentleman is representative for the Borough of Athlone, and it is said, that as Lord C-s-tl-m-e's Union Contract has expired, the seat reverts to its patriotic possessor, so that Mr. C-k-r's employers will be put to the expense of 5000 pounds, unless they mean to deprive Parliament and the Empire of the oratorical, the splendid, and the statesman-like abilities of this experienced Senator, which every individual of the united kingdom would regret most exceedingly, with the exception of the Member in question, for he confessedly is *not an egotist*.

(5) These lines are peculiarly happy ! who would have thought that twelve years ago he would have written what is now so strictly applicable to his own case ! shade of the injured *Williams*, thou art avenged ! spirit of insulted Crow-street, rest in peace ! the engine recoils ; and " the present state of the *Irish Stage*," is worse than the first ; who on reading the above lines will not say to *alma mater*.

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed
 And batten on this Moor ? Ha ! have you eyes !
You cannot call it love ! —

Yet several of the Fellows (certain of the repeal of the statute of celibacy) will exclaim, *omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori !* —
 " all's well now, sweeting, come away to bed."

And *insult braves* the public taste.

* * * * *

Let him not vainly hope to ride
In safety o'er the public tide,
To buffet every gale that blows, (6)
And sweep the sea of all his foes ;
While in the *trimming* (7) Fleet are reckoned
First rates, none, but one o' the second.
And all the rest—his bold defenders,
Are *cutters*, *luggers*, *hulks* and *tenders*.

(6) The early taste this person displayed for *marine* poetry, and a place at the Admiralty are very remarkable, and are here whimsically exemplified !

(7) The following specimen of a University, *Loyd's list* will give a tolerable recapitulation of my opinions of the *Santa Trinidad* Company.

JUNE 4th, 1818.

Admiral Cunningham, W. P. in spite of very bad weather, still continues to keep his station off the *Bagnio Slip*. If the *Young Husband* squadron should attempt to put to sea, we are confident the *learned* Admiral will give a good account of them.—The respective forces are as follow :

SHIPS.	GUNS.	COMMANDERS.
Centurion,	74	P-ip-s,
Doubtless,	74	P-i-r,
Lion,	74	D-p-t,
Dreadnought,	74	W-l-n,
<i>Nautilus</i>	74	W-a-ll,
Espoir,	74	S-dl-r,
Diamond,	74	W-a-b,
Illustrious,	74	S-d-s,
Brilliant,	74	H-a-e.
Laurel,	74	P-d-n,
Intrepid,	74	P-l-n

Remains *in port* the *Mercury*, G-fl-n, armed *en flute*.

Opposed to this superior and fully equipped armament, there is un-

der the command of the *Royal Rear Admiral*, a comparatively small force, but their guns are all *double shotted*, and like the Malay Pirates, they are determined to fight to the last extremity sink or swim; their Commodores are mostly experienced *counterband traders*.

SHIPS.	GUNS.	COMMANDERS.
The <i>Cumberland</i>	74	P-v-t,
Cherub, late <i>Opossum</i> , 1	74	B-r-r-t,
Surley	44	H-h-n,
Hyæna, 2	44	N-s-h,
Pandora, 3	44	L-y-d,
Experiment,	44	M'-D-n-ll,
Satellite, 4	38	E-r-g-n,
Landrail. 5	38	S-n-r,
Ganymede, 6	38	G-n-n,*
Investigator, 7	38	R-b-n,
Chamelion, 8	38	K-n-y,

* The Captain so marked wanted to bring a wife on board, this was found to be contrary to the statutes, though not to the spirit of the Admiralty regulations. It is thought that if the Captains had *petitioned agreeable to orders* issued in 1807 from the *Rear Admiral*, they would have obtained this permission: it is however, certain, that every exertion will now be made on their behalf at the Admiralty.

1. The *Opposum* is a genus of animal, having two canine teeth in each jaw, an unequal number of *cutting teeth*, five toes on each foot and a long tail; its size is that of a large cat, and its head that of a Fox, it has prying eyes, *its legs are only four inches in length*, its feet are like hands, having five fingers, each furnished with *long black crooked nails*. The great singularity in the history of this animal is, that it has a pouch or bag situate under the belly, this is considered as a secondary womb; this appendage is *to contain food of all sorts, which it devours in great quantities, and with uncommon voracity*, being a carnivorous animal, *this bag is always kept well stored; on the ground it has a slow walk, and can easily be overtaken*. It will suspend itself by the tail from the branches of a tree for hours together, with its head and eyes downward and when any creature passes whose imbecility renders it a prey the *Opposum* drops upon it and devours it: it is a *stupid dull animal*, but can be domesticated; *its body possesses a strong disagreeable scent*.

DICT. NAT. HIST.

2. The *Hyæna* is a fierce and untractable looking animal, it appears always in anger, and ever growling: its voice is harsh and dismal, except when it takes its food, then its eye glistens and *its teeth appear with a most horrid grin*; it is incapable of affection, Providence has given it a solitary unsociable disposition. The ancients attributed wonderful properties to this creature, it could *change* its sex as well as colour, and charmed Shepherds to their destruction. It was said to possess several other *fallacious attributes*.

DICT. NAT. HIST.

3. Fabulous History has represented this *Heathen* to have been formed of *clay* in the moment of *Jupiter's resentment*, endowed with various qualities and loaded with gifts, said however, to be possessed of a box in which were enclosed *discord, hatred, war, calumny, envy, deceit*, and the *source of all the evil* and mischief with which *society* are afflicted.

DICT. NAT. HIST.

4. Keitt, Keith, and all astronomers agree that *Jupiter* has many satellites of which this *is the second of the name*; they always accompany their primary planet in the *circuit round the sun*, preserving their proper circulation round their own primaries. Like the *Moon*, they *alter their places* according to the relative positions, whether in conjunction or *opposition*, near the sun they appear bright and full, before conjunction they shew themselves in horned figures, but when they *fall into the shadow of Jupiter* they become invisible.

5. The Captain of this vessel is not *Paulus Æmilius*, though he is descended from that old Roman family.

The *Landroil* is very common in England, it is a *stinking* dark looking bird, and *runs about every where* very quickly; it belongs to that class that is most usually to be met with in the *fields* where it is very fond of making a noise, and *crakes incessantly*: it deceives its followers by the sound of its note appearing to *lead them the right way*, while it artfully *misleads them for its own selfish purposes*. There are some in Ireland to be found in large domains and around great establishments; the bird is not so thriving as was supposed, some of them have been caught lately and on being *taken up and encaged* turned out to be *worth nothing*. Historians say, that *St. Patrick* banished them from Ireland along with *snakes and other reptiles*.

DICT. NAT. HIST.

6. *Genymede* was esteemed the most beautiful of all boys. *Jupiter*

Nor think, because the azure realm
Of which he holds the guiding helm (††)
Bows at his feet, (9) obeys his nod,
And owns *great Wilson* (10) is a God,

grew so charmed with him that he caused him to be carried up to heaven where all the goddesses have fallen in love with him : some pretend that he is changed into a constellation.

DICT. POL. LIT.

(7) The *Investigator*, it is thought, had been sent on a voyage to the North Pole, to ascertain that great natural phenomenon, the breaking up of the Ice Bergs. She has been employed, on several important services ; the Captain is a persevering character, and though he nearly lost his life by a late experiment, is determined on a speculative voyage into the hitherto *unexplored regions of the Ad-m-l-y*, undeterred by the fate of one Philosopher, who fell down the burning crater, or the other who lost his sight by exploring the nature of a brazen bason ; it is certain that some employment will be found or created for him.

(8) The *Chameleon* is an animal endowed with singular properties. It is said to take the colour of whatever it is applied to, and erroneously to live on air, as the Ad-m-l-y will, to its cost, shortly discover.

(††) Barry, in his grand but whimsical paintings, has represented Father Thames, reclining in soft luxuriance, and pouring the wealth of the world into the bosom of fertile England ; had he lived to the time of Mr. C*k*k*r he could have represented him as a Marine Deity, or like Juno, described by Virgil, bribing Æolus to overwhelm Æneas, and offering him a number of damsels.

Sunt mihi bis septem præstanti corpore nymphæ

Connubio jungam stabili, propriam que dicabo !

(9) The S*e*t*a*y visited, not many years ago, a naval station ; the honor of a salute of guns (whether voluntary or exacted) was paid to him ; it was received with modest and becoming Dignity, not however greater than was due, from such an *exalted personage* ; the B*r*d if Ad*r*l*y did not, however, understand this proceeding, and accordingly censured the officers for what they had done—it is believed however, that the S*e*r*t*y paid the expense of the gun-powder that was expended on the occasion.

(10) In the original it was *Psapho*, but I have now changed it to

That all mankind to think must cease,
 Slaves to his pleasure and caprice;
 Nor should he please to entertain
 A score of dunces in his train, (11)
 By every navy art to drown
 The vice and wishes of the town,
 That every pen to write must cease,
 Save at his pleasure or caprice.

No! No! were *every Journal bought*, (12)
 To hum, to sleep the public thought,
 Some eye will wake to watch his course,
 Some *tongue* which neither *fraud* nor force
 Can lull, shall roll the *College beat*,
 And thunder in his ears, "DEFEAT." (13)

Wilson, who as Ælian tells us, was an *Hibernian*, to whom the inhabitants of *Santa Trinidad*a paid divine honors, not because he was a S*r*t*y but because he taught certain silly birds to sing "*Wilson is a God.*" See note page 104 Familiar Epistles.

(11) Claret and Champaign, &c. &c. were most properly sent from Mess, B*d & Co. to Dr. Ll*y*d's apartments to cool the thirst of *Les Celebataire's!*

Fill every glass, for wine inspires and fires us,
 With courage, love, and joy.

(12) The shameful part that the press has taken in this Election is much to be lamented. By abandoning public characters it loses public opinion, generally a slave either of the Castle or the mob, of the mad Orangeman or the mad Catholic; it has, on this occasion, shown a total disregard to every thing like rectitude; and has run in with the Court Candidate in the most unworthy manner, the Dublin Evening Post especially. Mr. Harvey's paper, the Freeman's Journal, stands a remarkable exception, and has upheld that spirit of integrity and independence which alone can render it valuable, and which will endear it to all lovers of liberty.

(13) I have abstained from giving the character of Mr. C**k*r, the anecdotes I have furnished are sufficient—besides, he is my countryman, and I am happy to see an Irishman in office, whether he belongs to the Government party or to the opposition: this country has so

long been kept out of what she was fairly entitled to, that it affords some satisfaction to behold her children rewarded *now*.—It would, however, be more grateful to honest feeling and pure principle if this Gentlemen had risen to office and honour as fairly as the writer wishes. Mr. C**k*r* is undoubtedly a man of parts and abilities, and it is therefore a matter of regret that he has not always made that use of them, which they had a right to expect from their possessor—had he raised himself by open and honest competition, he would be more generally respected: and if he had not suffered himself to be cajoled or entrapped into this invidious contest with Mr. P**l*t,† it would have greatly redounded to his credit.

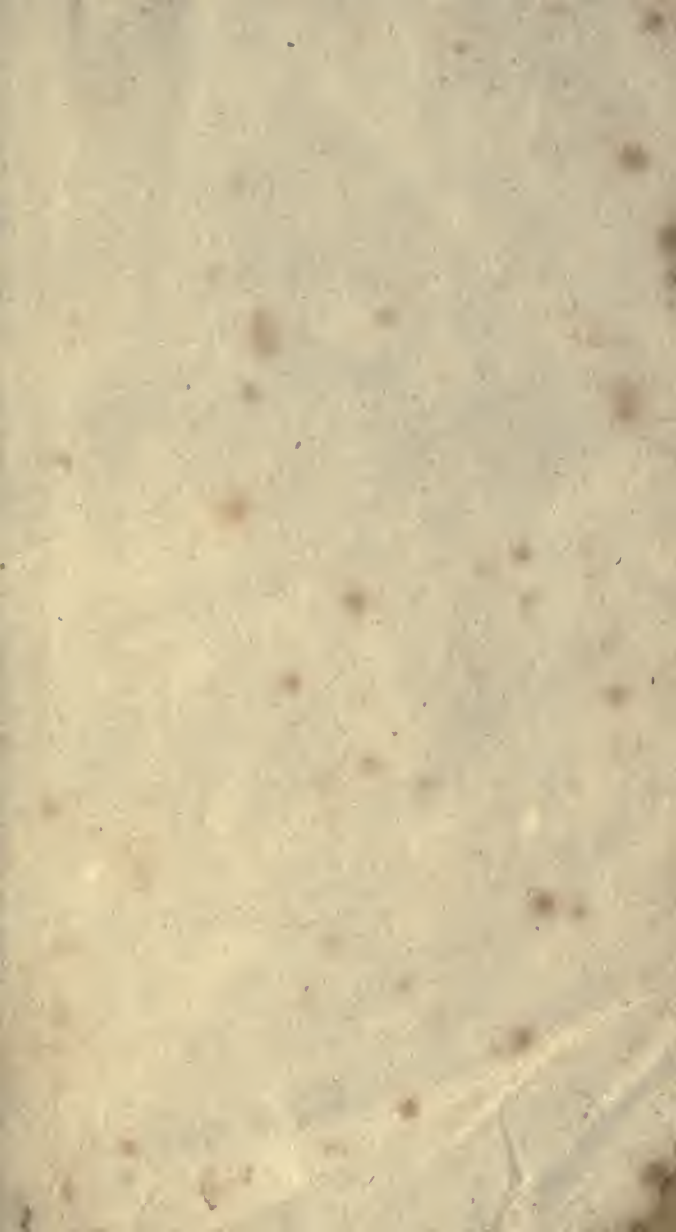
The most unblushing effrontery could scarce imagine that Mr. P**l*t and Mr. C**k*r could ever come in competition;—Mr C**k*r should avoid the errors of his day—the race of young political aspirants, never in the memory of British *politicks* have distinguished themselves by such unworthy acts, nor so completely disgraced themselves as since the year 1807; most of them have failed, few of them have been distinguished, and none of them are respected: even Mr. P*l*e is a bad model.

“*Ireland past and present*” “*Talavera*,” and the “*Familiar Epistles*” would have been a better foundation for fame, and certainly for character than the sad, and much to be regretted effusions on Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, which, with the short and *decies repetita* scraps of conversations on admiralty details, *biscuit*, *grog*, and *sailor’s wives* constitute nearly the whole of Mr. C**k*r’s parliamentary displays since that memorable period of his elevation.

Mr. Croker possesses some good qualities; he does not forget either his country or his friends; he is a man of business, diligent, attentive and intelligent: he wants, however, a manliness of character and an open dealing, that are generally the qualities of his countrymen: in his speaking, there is often an affectation of singularity, much weakness, and sometimes impropriety. He will, however, get on, and will probably act well, if it does not interfere with his advantage: and even corrupt men will respect his principles: his promotion, therefore, will afford a political, though not a moral pleasure.

The defeat he will experience from Mr. P**l*t, may be of service to him—it will check an overweening ambition, and disappoint his ill-judging expectation of becoming the Mr Peele of Ireland.

He will return to the ad**m*l*y. I hope, defeated not disgraced, and will have learnt to trust more to his parts, and less to his party.





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